LITERARY EXAMINER.

The Soul's Passing.

BY C. H. HITCHINGS.

It is ended!—all is over!
 Lo, the weeping mourners come
Mother, father, friend and lover,
 To the death-encumbered room;
Lips are pressed to the blessed
 Lips that evermore are dumb.

Take her faded hand in thine
 Hand that no more answereth kindly;
See the eyes were wont to shine,
 Uttering love, now staring blindly;
Tender-hearted speech departed—
 Speech that echoed so divinely.

Runs no more the circling river,
 Warming, brightening every part;
There it slumbereth cold forever—
 No more merry leap and start,
No more flushing cheeks to blushing—
 In its silent home the heart!

Hope not answer to your praying!
 Cold, responseless lies she there.
Death, that ever will be slaying
 Something gentle, something fair,
Came with numbers soft as slumbers—
 She is with Him otherwhere!

Mother! yes, you scarce would chide her
 Had you seen the form he bore,
Heard the words he spoke beside her,
 Tender as the look he wore,
While he proved her how he loved her,
 More than mother—ten times more!

Earthly father! weep not o'er her!
 To another Father's breast,
On the wings of love, he bore her—
 To the kingdom of the blest;
Where, no weeping eyelids keeping,
 Dwells she now in perfect rest.

Friend! He was a friend that found her
 Amid blessings poor and scant;
With a wicked world around her
 And within a heavenly want:
And supplied her, Home to guide her,
 Wings for which the weary pant.

Lover! yes, she loved thee dearly!—
 When she left thee, loved thee best!
Love she knew alone burns clearly
 In the bosoms of the blest;
Love she bore thee watches o'er thee—
 Is the angel in thy breast!

Mourners all! have done with weeping!
 I will tell you what He said,
When he came and found her sleeping.
 On her heart his hand he laid:—
"Sleep is, Maiden, sorrow-laden,
 Peace dwells only with the dead.

"Wend with me across the river
 Seems so bitter—is so sweet!—
On whose other shore for ever
 Happy holy spirits greet;
Grief all over, friend and lover
 In a sweet communion meet!

"Is it bitter, father, mother,
 Lover, friend to leave behind?
All their blessed loves, and other,
 Come with me and thou shalt find—
Where thy spirit shall inherit
 Perfect love and perfect mind.

"Love that is to mortal given
 Struggles with imperfect will;
Love alone that homes in heaven
 Can its perfect self fulfill—
Where, possessing every blessing,
 Still it grows, and greatens still!

"See, I bring thee wings to bear thee
 To the blessed angel home;
Dear ones dead for ever near thee,
 From thy side no more to roam:
Love increased, wait thou blessed
 Till the living loved ones come!

"O'er the river!"—Lo! she faltered
 While he took her by the hand;
And her blessed face grew altered
 As she heard the sweet command—
Father! lover! all was over!—
 So she passed to Spirit Land!

From Chambers' Journal.

Proposals for a Reform in Light Literature.

It seems to be confessed that the great difficulty of the age with respect to light literature is to produce anything new. All the styles and modes of fiction, the Waverley-historic, the Valerio classic, the Udolpho-romantic, the horrible, the sentimental, the criminal, the silver-fork, the low, the everything, are totally worn out, and worthless. We know every kind of character that is to be introduced, and every kind of conjuncture that can ruffle the course of supposititious events, and feel, before we advance twenty pages, that it is all barren. Like *l'homme blasé*, we declare we have seen all that before, and turn away from the proffered meal with disgust, albeit perhaps raging with the sacred hunger of amusement. It has occurred to us that something might be done for mankind in these extraordinary circumstances, and we proceed to lay our scheme before a discerning public.

It may be thought a bold idea, in as far as perfectly new; but the longer we reflect upon it, it appears to us the more plausible that novelists might after all, make something of nature as she is. Many objections might no doubt be ranked up—were it not so, we should not have had novelists neglecting the truth of actual human life so long. In the dearth and exigency of novelty, some one would have pitched upon this idea if it had appeared readily workable. Still, let us calmly consider. The upturn of such a deep virgin soil could not but be attended with a grand vegetation.—Surely some of the new plants would prove useful, if not for the conservatory, at least for the kitchen. It would be very strange if something could not be made of them.—But let us at once come to particulars.

It is, for instance, a horrid stupidity, this constant straining to bring about a marriage between two common-place young people, with which the curtain may at last be allowed to drop. Suppose we make novels without any silly love affair in them at all, and end the third volume by representing the principal parties as sitting down to dinner instead of preparing to go to church. In actual life, one does not find that marriage is quite looked upon as the *summum bonum*, or that thing for which every other thing is to be sacrificed. We do not find that all the worthy people of our acquaintance are in a ferment of anxiety to get us tied up for life in Hymen's bonds. On the contrary, if we do make up our mind to the venture, we often find these worthy people in some anxiety as to how the affair may turn out. The lady's temper is probably discussed in a dispassionate manner; or our own abilities for housekeeping may be a matter of solicitude. At all events, a calm hope may be expressed that we shall have the wisdom to insure upon our life for the benefit of our offspring. Now, such being the manner of nature, why should we continually keep by the opposite in fiction? Let us try a novel for once without a marriageable heroine, or say, one who despises marriage as an object to live for. There are women who scorn the idea of being thought under any anxiety for an establishment, and who would prefer eternal spinsterhood to an alliance brought about by manœuvring. Let us see such a person introduced into fiction. She could not fail to tell, from her mere novelty in that situation.

It is, again, a very tiresome thing in novels, as at present written, that every person introduced into them must be described as of a certain fixed character, according to use and wont in this department of literature. For example, if a boarding-school keeper is to be amongst the *dramatis personæ*, then that person must be a paragon of dogmatic pedantry, false pretension, and heartless cruelty. The male boarding-school keeper must be an awful fellow in old-fashioned black attire, with threatening bushy eyebrows, and that Herculean strength which may enable him to execute his own sentences upon the obverses of the boys; the lady boarding-school keeper a concentration of vinegar, verjuice, and deadly night-shade, with a figure like those which flourish in low valentines, and a breast devoid of the slightest tincture of the milk of human kindness. The pupils of both must regularly detest them as a matter of course. Parents and guardians are the unsuspecting victims of a hollow system, in which there is no more true instruction than there is humanity. I cannot, on any ground, see how the public is to be amused by characters thus formed in a set of old moulds, which never were very good at the first, and have at length become wearisome as an Art-Lottery engraving. I propose telling the truth as a variety which, *ceteris paribus*, must be more entertaining. As to the class of people who keep boarding-schools, every one knows there are many who, so far from being fiends in human shape, are worthy people, performing a duty of great irksomeness and responsibility with zeal and self-denial, often with very inadequate remuneration, and seldom with a return of kind consideration approaching that which they had bestowed on their pupils. Suppose we were to have painted to us, by way of change, a real, boarding-school keeper of the male sex, dressed like other people, and rather attentive to, and popular amongst the boys.—Would it not be something at once fresh and refreshing? There might be plenty of innocent whimsicalities about him, to give him a relish—for such will be found the order of nature. Or let us for once have a fine, bouncing, clever, good-looking, and genial woman, in charge of a finishing school. We know such in life—why should they not be in novels? Anyhow, let us at least be done with the stereotyped pedants and viragoes, those dreary monstrosities, which never had an existence, except in fancy, and whom one sees *coming on* in the advancing pages as you see a bore entering your avenue, or hear him sending his name up stairs.

Certain persons are not only always of certain characters in novels, but they are always represented as in a certain fixed congeries of circumstances. Every young author comes to London with a tragedy in his pocket, and finds the booksellers tipping him the cold shoulder. Now, in the world of fact, many young authors do not venture on a tragedy, and no inconsiderable number get work from publishers as soon as they are fit for it, if not before. In novels, an author is always a shabby-looking person, of excessive volubility, living in a garret. In fact there are many authors who live in handsome houses, and treat their friends to champagne suppers. In novels, they are always getting into wretchedness, because literary merit finds no sort of consideration. In fact we hear occasionally of a successful novelist, whose income for several years has exceeded that of the English prime-minister or the American president, though somehow he has nevertheless been obliged, by the usual fate of genius, to seek the protection of the court. Would it not be a capital novelty to give us a well-paid, well-dressed author, whom one could scarcely distinguish from a man of high birth and large fortune, even in the particular of his 'difficulties?' Let us have an author who has not written a tragedy. Let us have an author who, in respect of booksellers, is the drainer instead of the drainee. The freshness of such a character in fiction, would make any book sell. Or give us his ancient co-relative in the new aspect of an honest man, who scarcely can keep his own amidst the clamors of a set of insatiable *litterateurs*, and we will give three to one on the success of the delineation. As another instance—a governess in fiction is always a held-down woman of excessive modesty and merit—an unhappy creature, solitary amidst society, and never asked to drink wine. There are in the real world governesses who are exceedingly well treated; some who even take a lead in family matters; not a few who are repressed only on account of their insufferable *exigeance* and forwardness; and a vast number who are simply women of good sense, solicitous to perform their duty in the first place, and only to think of little matters of personal comfort in the second. Now let us have for once in fiction a sensible well-used governess. Let us have a real flesh-and-blood governess of this world, and not the faultless monster in a continual worry because she is not danced with. Everybody must feel how delightfully new such a character would be to the world of the circulating library, and what a chance she would have in comparison with her ideal congener.

Dealers in fiction might also revolve the propriety of taking somewhat more truthful views of the merits of various sections of society. Suppose that some one were to treat the world one day to a tale in which rich people and people of rank were to be allowed some small sparing investment of the common virtues of humanity. In actual life they have, as a class, their full share of such merits. It cannot be for nothing that the wearers of good clothes, and the possessors of stock in the funds or elsewhere, are called respectable people. Why should we not, then, have a few characters of the upper class in novels whom one could regard without a mere choice between ridicule and execration? A lord who was not a fool, or a *roue*, or an oppressor of his tenantry, would be a charming novelty in fiction. It might be rash to give full allowance of worth and good sense to the people of the Red Book all at once, for perhaps here the public mind has got something of a twist; but a spice of decent intellect and good-meaning might be given by way of a first experiment, and perhaps in time it might be possible to represent wealth as not necessarily connected with heartlessness and imbecility. There might be a corresponding procedure with respect to the lower class of characters. We are tired of concentrations of all that is bright and beautiful in persons who might be expected, from their circumstances to be no better than they should be. Robbers, with wonderful impulses towards angelic excellence, are decidedly palling on the popular taste. Let us have figures from humble life with something like that mixture of good and evil about them which we find in the actual world. Depend upon it, it would take.

At the first consideration of this proposed reform, it may be feared that actual nature will prove a tamer and duller thing than the Birmingham nature so long resorted to by the dealers in fiction. Some will be ready to say, 'All very well to speak of truth; but truth is stupid: truth is for science, not for art.' I beg their pardon; but I must entirely dissent from any such view of the matter. I find in real life an endless variety of strange characters and eccentricities, any one of which would make better stuff for the novelists than any of the shams which they have inherited from the tradition of their craft. I have already pointed out how superior certain real sequences of events would be over the hackneyed groupings which the fictionist keeps in stereotype beside him. I feel perfectly clear in saying that I should enjoy in fiction, as I have often done in reality, the spectacle of a boarding-school where there was no stint of bread and butter. What I chiefly plead for, however, is the novelty. It would be like a new world opened up to the pursuit of the naturalist. Even with inferior writing this would tell immensely: with fair talent in the artist, nothing could stand against it. I believe at least that truth might stand out for a good many years, perhaps the whole of our own time. If it then began to fail in its effect, it would be for posterity to devise something as good.

Plague Scenes at Constantinople.

After waiting a little while in a large, dirty anteroom, during which time there was a scuffling and running up and down of priests and deacons, who were surprised and perhaps a little alarmed at a visit from so numerous a company of gentlemen belonging to the British embassy, we were introduced into a large square room furnished with a divan under the windows and down two sides of the chamber. This divan was covered with a rough sacking of grey goats' hair—a stuff which is said not to be susceptible of the plague; and people sitting on it, or on the bare boards, are not considered to be *'compromised'*—a word of fearful import when that awful pestilence is raging in this neglected city. When any person is compromised, he is obliged to separate from all society, and to place himself in strict quarantine for forty days, at the end of which period, if the fright and anxiety have not brought on the plague, he is received again by his acquaintances. Dealers in oil, and persons who have an open issue on their bodies, are considered secure from the plague as far as they themselves are concerned; but as their clothes will convey the infection, they are as dangerous as others to their neighbors.

There was an old Armenian, who, whether he considered himself invulnerable, or whether poverty and misfortune made him reckless, I do not know; but he set up as a plague-doctor, and visited and touched those who were stricken with the pestilence.—Whenever he came down the street, every one would start aside and give him three or four yard's space at least. Sometimes he had men who walked before him and cried to the people to get out of the way. As the old man moved on, in his long, dark robes, shunned with such horror by all, the mind was awfully impressed with the fearful nature of the disease; for if the Prince of Darkness himself had made his appearance in the face of day, no one could have shown greater alarm at his approach than they did when the men cried out that the Armenian plague-doctor was coming down the street.

One peculiarity of the disease is the disinclination which is always shown by those who are plague-stricken to confess that they are so, or even to own that they are ill.—They invariably conceal it as long as possible; and even when burning with fever and in an agony of pain, they will pretend that they are well, and try to walk about. But this attempt at deception continues for a very short period, for they soon become either delirious or insensible, and generally are unable to move. There is a look about the eye and an expression of anxiety and horror in the face of one who has got the plague, which is not to be mistaken or forgotten by those who have once seen them. One day at Galata I nearly ran against a man who was sitting on the ground on a hand-bier, upon which some Turks were about to carry him away; and the look of the unfortunate man's face haunted me for days. The expression of hopeless despair and agony was indeed but too applicable to his case; they were going to carry him to the plague hospital, from whence I never heard of any one returning. It would have been far more merciful to have shot him at once.

There are many curious superstitions and circumstances connected with the plague. One is, that when the destroying angel enters into a house, the dogs of the quarter assemble in the night and howl before the door; and the Greeks firmly believe that the dogs can see the evil spirit of the plague, although it is invisible to human eyes.—Some people, however, are said to have seen the plague, its appearance being that of an old woman, tall, thin, and ghastly, and dressed sometimes in black, sometimes in white: she stalks along the streets—glides through the doors of the habitations of the condemned—and walks once round the room of her victim, who is from that moment death-smitten. It is also asserted that, when three small spots make their appearance upon the knee, the patient is doomed—he has got the plague, and his fate is sealed. They are called the pilotti—the pilots and harbingers of death. Some, however, have recovered after these spots have shown themselves.

I had at this time a lodging in a house at Pera, which I occupied when anything brought me to Constantinople from Therapia. On one occasion I was sitting with a gentleman whose filial piety did him much honor, for he had attended his father through the horrors of this illness, and he had died of the plague in his arms, when he heard the dogs baying in an unusual way. On looking out of the window there they were all of a row, seated against the opposite wall, howling mournfully, and looking up at the house in the moonlight. One dog looked very hard at me, I thought; I did not like it at all, and began to investigate whether I had not some pain or other about me; and this comfortable feeling was not diminished when my friend's Arab servant came into the room, and said that another person who lodged in the house was very unwell; it was said that he had had a fall from his horse that morning. The dogs, though we escaped the plague ourselves, were right; the plague had got into one of the houses close to us in the same street; but how many died of it I did not learn.

It was about this time that two Jews—extortioners, poor men, whom consequently nobody cared about—were walking together in a narrow street at Galata, when they both dropped down, stricken with the plague: there they lay upon the ground; no one would touch them; and, as the street was extremely narrow, no one could pass that way; it was in effect blocked up by the two unhappy men. They did not die quickly. 'The devil was sure of them,' the charitable people said, 'so he was in no hurry.' There they lay a long time—many days; and people called to them, and put their heads round the corner of the street to look at them. Some, tender-hearted than the rest, got a long pole from a dyer's shop hard by, and pushed a tub of water to them, and threw them some bread, for no one dared approach them. One Jew was quiet; he ate a little bread, and drank some water, and lay still. The other was violent: the pain of his livid swellings drove him wild, and he shouted and raved and twisted about upon the ground. The people looked at him from the corner, and shuddered as they quickly drew back their heads. He died; and the other Jew still lay there, quiet as he was before, close to the quiet corpse of his poor friend. For some time they did not know whether he was dead or not; but at last they found he drank no more water and ate no more bread; so they knew that he had died also. There lay the two bodies in the way, till some one paid a hamal—a Turkish porter—who being a staunch predestinarian, caring neither for plague, nor Jew, nor Gentile, dead or alive, carried off the two bodies on his back; and then the street was passable again.

The Turks have a touching custom when the plague rages very greatly, and a thousand corpses are carried out daily from Stamboul through the Adrianople gate to the great groves of cypress which rise over the burial-grounds beyond the walls. At times of terror and grief, such as these, the Sheikh Ul Islam causes all the little children to be assembled on a beautiful green hill called the Oc Maidan—the Place of Arrows—and there they bow down upon the ground, and raise their innocent voices in supplication to the Father of Mercy, and implore His compassion on the afflicted city.—*Curzon's Visit to Monasteries in the Levant.*

Le Vaillant's Monkey.

It will be obvious, when the leafy home of this restless race is considered, that it is of the utmost consequence that the infant monkey should be protected as much as possible from a fall. Accordingly, the prevailing instinct of a young one is, in sailor's language, to hold on. It clings to its mother with the greatest tenacity; and, to enable it to do this, considerable strength is thrown into the extremities, the anterior limbs especially.

Le Vaillant, in his introduction to his first voyage, gives the following curious instance of the exhibition of this instinct under extraordinary circumstances. When living in Dutch Guiana, at Paramaribo, where he was born, and where he had, already, though very young, formed a collection of insects, the future traveller and his party in one of their excursions had killed a female monkey:

"As she carried on her back a young one, which had not been wounded, we took them both along with us; and when we returned to the plantation, my ape had not quitted the shoulders of its mother. It clung so closely to them, that I was obliged to have the assistance of a negro to disengage them; but scarcely was it separated from her, when, like a bird, it darted upon a wooden block that stood near, covered with my father's peruke, which it embraced with its four paws, nor could it be compelled to quit its position. Deceived by its instinct, it still imagined itself to be on the back of its mother, and under her protection. As it seemed perfectly at ease on the peruke, I resolved to suffer it to remain, and to feed it there with goat's milk. It continued in its error for three weeks, but after that period, emancipating itself from its own authority, it quitted the fostering peruke, and by its amusing tricks became the friend and favorite of the whole family."

Though it is difficult to suppress a smile at the idea of a monkey clinging to a full-bottom on a wig-block and fancying it its mamma, the story, as it begins mournfully with the slaughter of the poor mother, ends tragically for her unhappy offspring; it died a terrible death—the result, indeed, of its own mischievous voracity, but in agonies frightful to think of.

"I had, however," continues Le Vaillant, "without suspecting it, introduced the wolf among my flocks. One morning, on entering my chamber, the door of which I had been so imprudent as to leave open, I beheld my unworthy pupil making a hearty breakfast on my noble collection. In the first transports of my passion I resolved to strangle it in my arms; but rage and fury soon gave place to pity, when I perceived that its voraciousness had exposed it to the most cruel punishment. In eating the beetles it had swallowed some of the pins on which they were fixed, though it made a thousand efforts to throw them up, all its exertions were in vain. The torture which it suffered made me forget the devastation it had occasioned; I thought only of affording it relief; but neither my tears, nor all the art of my father's slaves, whom I called from all quarters with loud cries, were able to preserve its life."

To return to the instinct exemplified in the first part of this melancholy tale; we remember to have seen a female monkey and her young one in the cage of a menagerie; and a small cage, too. In this case the instinct—and it was a good example of the wide difference between that quality and reason—both on the part of the mother and her offspring, was just as strong as it could have been in their native forests. The young one clung as tightly, and the mother showed as much anxiety lest it should be sashed to pieces by a fall whilst she was ditting at the bottom of her cage, which rested on the ground, as if she had been swinging with the breeze upon the tree top."—*Broderip's Zoological Recreations, just published by Lea & Blanchard.*

Little Things.

Great virtues are rare; the occasions for them are very rare; and when they do occur, we are prepared for them; we are excited by the grandeur of the sacrifice; we are supported either by the splendor of the deed in the eyes of the world, or by the self-complacency that we experience from the performance of an uncommon action. Little things are unforeseen; they return every moment. They come in contact with our pride, our indolence, our haughtiness, our readiness to take offence—they contradict our inclinations perpetually. It is, however, only by fidelity in little things that a true and constant love to God can be distinguished from a passing fervor of spirit.—*Fenelon.*

Increasing Influence of the Newspaper Press.

Before this century shall have run out, Journalism will be the whole press, the whole human thought. Since that prodigious multiplication, art has given to speech, to be multiplied a thousand-fold yet, mankind will write their book day by day, hour by hour, page by page. Thought will spread abroad in the world with the rapidity of light; instantly conceived, instantly written, instantly understood, at the extremities of the earth, it will spread from pole to pole.—Sudden, instant, burning with the fervor of soul which made it burst forth, it will be the reign of the human world in all its plenitude; it will not have time to ripen, to accumulate into the form of a book; the book will arrive too late. The only book possible from to-day is a newspaper.—*Lamartine, Polity of Reason.*

In character, in manners, in style, in all things, the supreme excellence is simplicity.—*Longfellow's Kavanagh.*

Agnes Sorel and the Maid of Orleans.

At length the trumpets were heard to sound without the city gate—that sound, that had so lately been the harbinger of death and misery, now announced a people's joy and a prince's triumph. They were responded to from within; and the shouts of thousands of voices rent the air, as the citizens of Paris heading the procession emerged from the dark vault of the gateway, and crossed the bridge. The long line swept on across the crowd and up the Rue St. Denis—magistrates, university professors, students, troops, corporations, nobles, and all the arrangements of festive splendor were forgotten, even to the little angels with their golden garlands, as at length three figures appeared, side by side, upon the bridge. "Noel!" was shouted on every side. In the midst rode Charles VII. of France, in full armor, his fair face bronzed upon many a battle field, but his fair hair still streaming in luxuriant curls from beneath his helmet. His form was now one of manliness; but his physiognomy had not fully lost that charm of tenderness it once had worn. He bowed gracefully around him. On one side rode a fair and beautiful woman, delicate and frail, with eyes formed to love and be adored. There were few who did not recognise in her the beauteous Agnes Sorel, the beloved of the king. But on the other side rode one on whom all eyes were fixed with astonishment and awe. It was a female of a bolder, stronger make, and of a less courtly presence. Her features were more rough, and wore an air of sternness. Beneath her dark brows gleamed forth a pair of pale eyes that seemed to flash with an almost superhuman phosphoric fire; but noble, and great, and inspired was that physiognomy. That she was no common woman the first glimpse must have told.—Were she not an angel of light, she must have been a demon of darkness; for on those almost rude features was that essence of great things, good or bad, past and to come, that could not be denied. Her face was bronzed, her head was bare; a helmet hung upon her saddle-bow. The upper part of her person was clad in armor, which she bore with the ease and vigor of a man. In her right hand she stretched forth the sacred oriflamme, the traditionary banner of France, taken from the cathedral of St Denis. People could not cry "Noel!" to her, as she rode on. Their tongues appeared tied with awe. But many sank upon their knees; and others bowed their heads; and all blessed her name. They knew it was Joan of Arc, the Maid of Orleans, the deliverer of the country. Men marvelled, and could not sufficiently feast their eyes upon her as she came slowly forward, with her look fixed aloft. It was a strange and wondrous apparation, such as only that one page of history can show.—*The Lily of Paris, a London Novel of the last season.*

How Pepys Amused Himself in the Absence of his Wife.

23rd. At noon comes Mrs. Pierce and her daughter, and Knipp, and one Mrs. Foster, and dined with me, and mighty merry, and after dinner carried them to the Tower, and showed them all to be seen there, and among other things the crown and sceptres and rich plate, which I myself never saw before, and indeed is noble, and I mightily pleased with it. Thence by water to the Temple, and there to the Cock ale-house, and drank, and eat a lobster, and sang, and mightily merry. So, almost night, I carried Mrs. Pierce home, and then Knipp and I to the Temple again, and took boat, it being darkish, and to Fox Hall, it being now night, and a bonfire burning at Lambeth for the king's corronation day. And there she and I drank; and so back, and led her home, it being now ten at night; and so got a link; and walking towards home, just at my entrance into the ruins at St. Dunstan's I was met by two rogues with clubs, who come towards us. So I went back, and walked home quite round by the wall, and got well home and to bed, weary but pleased with my day's pleasure, but yet displeased at my expense and time I lose.—24th. At noon, home to dinner, where my wife, still in a melancholy fusty humor, and crying, and do not tell me plainly what it is; but I by little words find that she hath heard of my going to plays, and carrying people abroad every day in her absence; and that I cannot help but the storm will break out in a little time.—*New edition of Pepys' Diary.*

The Spirit of Peace.

Where hath the spirit of peace his home?
Loves he o'er earth or ocean to roam?

He dwells in the deep sequestered glade,
Where the lover's step hath a footpath made;
He lurks in the bowers where birds have sung
To their fluttering mates when the day was young;
By the river pool 'neath the waterfall,
Where the rock-sprung trees have formed a pall,
Solemn and dark, o'er the depth below,
As best befits its majestic flow,
Where hidden wild-flowers scent the air—
Be sure the spirit of peace is there.

By the summer's sea he loves to dwell,
And to note its crisped billows swell;
Or to list the music ocean makes
When his wave the cavern's echo wakes;
Or to mark each ship go proudly by,
Like a sea-king in his panoply;
Or to reckon the snowy skiffs that swim,
Like ocean birds far off and dim,
Where the calm sea blends with the calmer air—
The spirit of peace be sure is there.

In the Highland vale, where the lake lies low,
Encircled by hills of lasting snow;
Where the streams that gladden the valley creep,
Murmuring through channels dark and deep;
Where the red deer stares from the forest forth,
Ere he bounds away to the trackless north;
Where primeval life with eager gaze
Looks out on the stranger who treads its ways;
Where the fond enthusiast loves to roam—
There, there hath the spirit of peace his home

In the woods at eve when the birds are still,
And naught is heard but the tiny rill,
Which noon and night makes music sweet,
As it leaps its brother rill to meet;
Where naught is seen by the straining eye,
But the trees like spectres standing by—
I have met with the woodman's lowly cot,
Where I thought that the home of man was not;
I have heard his evening praise and prayer,
And I felt that the spirit of peace was there.

When the country lies in Sabbath rest,
And the fields are in golden beauty drest;
When the church-bell's notes o'er the valley come,
Like the voice of a father inviting home;
When the aged man is thoughtful seen,
Where the graves of his early friends lie green
Round the village church in many a heap,
Each with its tenant in slumber deep—
To that humble church in hope repair,
And the spirit of peace shall meet you there.

Life.

Life demands so much from us, so much endurance and sacrifice! The worst of life is that we all live on this earth for the first time. Everything is new; no one gets accustomed to the perpetual surprises—at best only accustomed to be surprised. Even the old, the daily recurring, finds us every day new and changed in age, in mind, in likes, in dislikes, so that it often operates more strangely, more peculiarly, than the new, to whose impressions we yet hesitate to resign ourselves. And thus to know how to live requires perpetual genius, for life is the highest of all arts.

The First Morning Call in the Bush.

"After the first days' novelty, and till habit rectified it, the bush was felt to be lonesome; Mrs. Bracton and the young ladies, therefore, were quite delighted as one fine day about noon they pointed out to each other a lady on horseback, in a light umber-colored habit, riding slowly up the road from the point of the hill toward the hut. The horse had an awkward trick—unless, indeed, it were occasioned by the rider's method of managing the bridle—of holding his mouth aloft and wide open, as if perpetually endeavoring to swallow the bit. Behind the lady, at some distance, rode a servant, in a blue jacket but no waistcoat, a pair of Paramatta trousers, without stockings or gaiters, unpolished lace-ups, and a hat. * * The visitor hastened to announce herself to Mrs. Bracton as 'Mrs. Smart, Mem—of Smartville, Mem—near Ghiagong, Mem.' Although Mrs. Bracton could not comprehend precisely what particular of the definition was conveyed by the syllable *'mem,'* she cordially invited her kind and considerate neighbor into her poor habitation. * * 'I am so glad you have come to this part of the country, Mem. I'm so in want of a female friend, oh! you can't think, Mem.' (Here there was a pause; which not eliciting the expected rejoinder, the visitor resumed with great pathos.) 'Husbands, Mem, have got their faults, that nobody knows of but their wives. I am sure you must have felt it yourself, Mrs. Bracton, Mem. Marianne turned with uplifted hands to her cousin, and exclaimed, 'Isn't that awful? What will mama do? We had better go in to her.' But before she came to the rescue of her mother, the lady of Smartville was heard again. 'The two young ladies your daughters, Mem?'—'One of them is my daughter, the other my niece,' said Mrs. Bracton. The short young lady your niece, I suppose? 'No, Mrs. Smart,' replied Mrs. Bracton, with a very carefully modulated tone. 'The tallest of them is my niece.' 'Oh! I see, Mem; a poor relation. We ought to take care of our poor relations. Makes me ask, I've got poor relations of my own. I send home my little boy's cast shoes and frocks every year reg'lar (that is, when I can find anybody that's going) to my sister. * * 'Mrs. Smart.,' said Katherine, who saw that something must be done to bring the present state of affairs to as early a conclusion as possible, and had risen and set the tray with some refreshments, 'you have a long way to ride back, and the days are getting very short now; pray make a hearty lunch before you start off.' Mrs. Smart hastened to take Katherine at her word. 'I suppose you haven't got a gherking, Miss,' she, however, inquired almost immediately. 'No, we have not,' said Katherine. 'We have yet only just what we could get into our boxes, coming by the mail.' 'Oh!' proceeded Mrs. Smart, 'you can get anything you want at the township. They have everything at the stores, from a needle to an anchor. He's an old Jew, Miss, that keeps it. Such an ugly old man! I wonder the prisoners some of these nights don't break in and murder him, and take all he's got. But there, it's no use talking, the devil's children will have the devil's luck. They're a dreadful set, Mem, these convicts: you must flog, flog, flog, or else they'll do nothing. There's nothing too hot nor too heavy for them; anything that's an inch high or an hour old, only leave it in their way and I'll go bail you never clap eyes on it again.'"—*Story of an Australian Settler.*

Brian Boroihme's Harp.

It is well known that the great monarch Brian Boroihme was killed at the battle of Clontarf, A. D. 1014. He left his son Donagh his harp, but Donagh having murdered his brother, Teige, and being deposed by his nephew, retired to Rome, and carried with him the crown, harp, and other regalia of his father. These regalia were kept in the Vatican, till Pope Clement sent the harp to Henry VIII., but kept the crown which was of massive gold. Henry gave the harp to the first Earl of Clanricarde, in whose family it remained until the beginning of the eighteenth century, when it came by a lady of the De Burgh family into that of M'Mahon of Glenagh in the county of Clare, after whose death it passed into the possession of Counsellor M'Namara, of Limerick. In 1782 it was presented to the Right Hon. William Conyham, who deposited it in Trinity College Museum, where it now is. It is thirty-two inches high and of good workmanship—the sounding board is of oak, the arms of red sally—the extremity of the uttermost arm in part is capped with silver, well wrought and chiselled. It contains a large crystal set in silver, and under it was another stone now lost.—*Tipperary Free Press.*

The Hedgehog.

Begging pardon of naturalists for such an accusation, I can't help saying that I think a great many fibs have been told about the hedgehog. In the first place, the old wives' fables about sucking cows, and so forth, were so horridly unbelievable, and yet so damaging to little hoggy's reputation with the vulgar, that the more erudite and more humane became his patrons and apologists, and made much more of him than he deserves. Dear old White of Selborne must have been taking a nap when he told us about hoggy's liking for plantain-roots. 'The manner,' says White, 'in which hedgehogs eat the roots of the plantain in my grass walks is very curious; with their upper mandible, which is much longer than their lower, they bore under the plant, and so eat the root off upwards, leaving the tuft of leaves untouched. In this respect they are very serviceable, as they destroy a very troublesome weed.' Boy and man this passage tormented me many years, because I knew hoggy to be a bloodthirsty poacher, a regular knight-errant for attacking vipers, and a tyrant over all manner of mice and such small deer, and I thought it passing strange that he should take to cooling his copper with the roots of the old gentleman's plantains. However, the tastes of pigs and men are every now and then somewhat eccentric, so I left the matter *sub judice*, until chance solved the mystery. In a grass walk I saw some flattened plants of the common plantain withering and half dead; by the side of each I found the hole, bored, as White supposed by the long upper mandible of the hoggy; but it was scarcely big enough to admit a lead-pencil, and so round and smooth, that I said directly to myself, 'Tis the burrow of a night-eating caterpillar:' I got a trowel, and in a trice the fellow was unearthed, and he afterwards turned to a ghost-moth, or yellow underwing, I can't say which, for both came out in one cage. The hedgehog is properly a nocturnal carnivorous animal; he prowls about at night, like an owl, looking after the nests of pheasants, partridges, corn-cracks, and larks: he kills the old ones if he can, and sucks their eggs if he can't; now and then he overruns a rabbit; but his favorite dish is a snake or an adder—he catches these while dozing under cover, and suffering from repletion caused by four or five mice lying undigested in their stomachs, tail on, and it is then that desperate fights ensue: it is then that his armor stands hoggy in good stead: the deadly adder, infuriated at feeling hoggy's teeth griping her back, lashes her head against a skin less vulnerable than that once said to have been worn by a Mr. Achilles. The pluck and power of both are tried to the utmost; but hoggy is almost sure to triumph in the end, and the adder, half devoured, is often found next morning by the countryman, who wonders 'how he come so mauled.' I take it that the spiny coat of the hedgehog is nature's defence against the poison fangs of his favorite prey.—*Letters of Rusticus.*

A Beautiful Picture.

She arrived at the Pond a little before sunset. She fed her chickens, her squirrel and robin. Her own supper she made of strawberries and milk in her wooden bowl and spoon. She answered as best she was able the inquiries and banterings of her family about her day's adventure. The evening air was inviting, and her own heart was full of life; and she took a stroll up to the 'Indian's Head.' This was nearly a hundred feet above the Pond—beyond the Pond extended a forest without visible break or limitation. In every direction, here and there on side hills, in glades of the forest, appeared the roofs of orchards and barns dappling the scene. To this place Margaret often came, to lie on the soft grass under the firs, to sleep the mid-tide sleep of all nature; or ponder with a childish curiosity on the mystery of the blue sky and the blue hills, or with childish dread on that of the dark deep waters below her. She now came up to see the sun go down. She sat on the grass with her hands folded on her knees. On the right of the sun setting was a break in the line of woods and hills, having a sharp promontory jutting towards the heavens, and over-looking what seemed like a calm clear sea beyond. She could see the roads leading to Dunich and Brandon winding like unrolled ribbons through the woods. Greenness like a hollow ocean spread itself out before her; and in the forest the darkness as the sun went down seemed to form itself into caverns and grottoes and strange fantastic shapes in the solid greenness. Deep in the woods the birds still hooted and sang unweariedly, the cawing of crows, the tinkle of bells, and the lowing of cattle were distinctly audible; swarms of flies skirmished in the sunbeams before her eyes; in the grass crickets sang; a rich fresh smell from the water, the woods, the wild flowers, floated up and regaled her senses. The surface of the Pond as the sun receded broke into gold ripples, deepening gradually into carmine and vermillion. Between her eye and the horizon was suspended a table-like form of illuminated mist—a bridge of visible sunbeams reaching to the ground. The clouds which had spent their Sabbath their own way came to behold the sunset; some in long tapering bands, some in flocky rosettes, and some in broad many folded scollops. They showed all colors—rose, pink, violet and crimson; and the sky about the sun weltered in ruddiness whilst the opposite side of the heavens threw back a purple glow. She saw the sun sink half below the horizon; then all his round red face go down—the light on the Pond withdraw—the bridge of light disappear, and the hollows grow darker and darker. The little rose-colored clouds melted away in their evening joy, and went up to rest in the dark unfathomable chambers of the heavens. The broad massive clouds grew darker and dimmer, and extended themselves like huge-breasted lions couchant to watch all night near the gate of the sun. Margaret sat there alone with no eye but God's to look upon her. She sat as if for her the sun had gone down and the sky unloosed its glory. She sat mute and undisturbed as if she were the child-queen of this great pageant of nature.—*Margaret.*

Traveling in England and in India.

It is scarcely fifty years, says the *Bombay Times*—speaking of the arrival in that port of a little yacht, of 140 tons burthen, belonging to a Mr. Sheddan, formerly of the Indian navy, and who is now on a pleasure trip round the world—since a trip to Paris was an event in a man's life to be talked of and bequeathed to the memory of his children; while a journey to Vienna gave the fortunate individual a right to preface every third story with "When I was on the Danube." A voyage to India occupied six months; and Governors General—at least, so says Mills—were enabled to suppress despatches in the certainty of a twelve month's respite. Now, in England men whirl along at 50 miles an hour, and act at a speed that leaves all thought behind. "We ride on vapor, speak by the lightning, and have our portraits taken by a sun-beam." To crown all, we have now a gentleman in a little yacht on a pleasure trip round the world. He has visited the Orkneys, the Brazils, the Cape, Madagascar, and Bombay, since he left England, and is now about to visit Japan and Kamschatka on his way home—each of them associated in ordinary with little men in odd dresses and great saltpetre, whose *penchant* is suicide. Such is the spirit of England. In India, alas! we are less fortunate. We travel as Aurungzebe did. We continue to use men as beasts of burden—and, with the exception of the steamers, cannot be said to have improved in our means of travelling for 2,000 years. Indeed, it may be questioned whether the movement has not rather been retrograde, as the ancient rulers, with all their misgovernment, knew the value of roads. Mr. Sheddan, the Anglo-Saxon, on a trip round the world, and the Bengalee floating down the Ganges with his arms on his knees, his fingers outspread, and his whole body an incarnation of sloth, are perhaps the most opposite extremes of the human race that we could imagine. Even in our river steamers we are far behind England. The vessels in use for passengers are still clumsy and too deep in the water, and for eight months in the year they are compelled to creep through the Sunderbunds and occupy twenty days in the journey to Allahabad, a distance of little more than 750 miles. A screw steamer built for passengers alone, and drawing 2 1-2 feet, would navigate the Bhagerutee at all seasons of the year, and reach Allahabad in seven days at an average rate of eight miles an hour—and would be always full.

The Past, The Present, and The Future.

The same object, seen from the three different points of view—the Past, the Present, and the Future—often exhibits three different faces to us; like those sign boards over shop doors, which represent the face of a lion as we approach, of a man when we are in front, and of an ass when we have passed.—*Longfellow's Kavanagh.*